

THE WORLD.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).

PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1888.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	8,151,187	22,331
1883.....	18,253,928	50,011
1884.....	28,619,783	78,412
1885.....	51,841,507	142,307
1886.....	70,126,641	192,130
1887.....	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1882 was

14,727

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1883 was

24,054

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1884 was

70,985

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1885 was

160,636

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1886 was

234,724

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1887 was

257,267

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Arbitrary Measurement.)
 Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra charge for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, 10 cents per line. "Advt.," 1st page, \$1.50 per line; 2nd page, \$1.25 per line; 3rd page, \$1.00 per line; 4th page, \$1.25 per line; 5th page, \$1.00 per line.
 The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening Edition. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND.

If the Reading magnates are good at reading the "handwriting on the wall," they will settle the differences with the coal miners promptly, either by compromise or arbitration.

Public sentiment sharply condemns the attempt of a rich corporation to force the miners back to old wages while coal is at top-notch prices.

If the strikers are wise, they will discountenance and prevent all violence towards non-strikers and any injury to the property of the companies. The sympathy of the people is essential to their success. Let them do nothing to forfeit it.

GIVING THE WOMEN A LIFT.

The Federation of Labor displays the true spirit of modern chivalry in lending its aid to the organization of working girls and women.

The workmen find difficulties many and great in the way of union for mutual protection. But they are better able to stand alone than are their sisters, and having succeeded measurably well in organizing themselves, they do well to lend a hand to the weaker sex.

THE MEETING AT CLARENDON HALL ON FRIDAY NIGHT SHOULD BE A ROUSER.

At last Boss Platt's grip on office is weakening.

Having once resigned a big place precipitately, he has attempted to "get even" by sticking for six years to a little office for which he was not legally qualified in the first place, and in which his term expired long ago.

For five years in succession the people of New York have repudiated the party of Platt. And yet, through the contumacy of the Senate, the Quarantine King, the Health Officers and the Emigration Commissioners have clung to their offices.

The Boss is now before a jury, with a good prospect of getting his walking papers.

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SILLY SUICIDES.

The man who kills himself because one woman out of a million won't marry him is the most senseless of suicides.

The woman "No" deprives him of a fancied and perhaps a real delight. A bullet in his head makes "worms" meat" of him. What sense is there in putting one's self beyond the enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world because a single delight is denied?

There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and as fine women that can be brought to say Yes as ever said No.

SILENCE HIDES HURTS.

Again the editor of the Sun justifies the saying that he is in that state of senility when he can "no longer lie with plausibility nor tell the truth with discretion." Second childhood bubbles truth and naunders lies.

It is not a plausible falsehood to deny the confirmatory statements of paper-makers, news agents and printers as to THE WORLD'S circulation, especially when the books and press-room are open to inspection, and a standing offer of \$10,000 challenges ANANIAS to count and certify to the issue.

It was not discreet to disclose the true inwardness of his animosity in the whispering admission to the proprietor of THE WORLD: "We are sorry that you ever came."

Silence will not lift a mortgage, but it will conceal wounds and sores.

Police Capt. Wynn's story to-day speaks for itself. It is a unique and exceedingly interesting production. It will be followed to-morrow by a story by Capt. McELWAIN. The

high degree of novelty and interest will be maintained through the series.

Boss PLATT having arranged and Boss HISSOCK revised the committees of the Assembly, the Legislature will soon be ready to hear the pleasure of the "third House."

The Car has been constrained to give up the Court balls for fear they might lead to a "dance of death." The "king business" is getting no better very fast.

Half a thousand bills to squander the surplus and not one to stop it, is the poor record of Congress thus far.

SOME CARPET YARNS.

Mr. C. P. Stan's trunks resemble bany elephants. He is more than one hundred and fifty pounds, who can tell a "twice-told tale" better than anybody, has an advance agent. His popularity goes before him.

George E. Hamlin is regarded as a pusher. His boys are swinging their grips now through the length and breadth of the land.

Larry Duncan, who can tell a "twice-told tale" better than anybody, has an advance agent. His popularity goes before him.

Genial Charley Connolly, who goes West for T. J. Keener & Co., says that Missouri is the hardest State in the Union in which to get anything good to eat.

Frank Maybin, who looks after the interests of Dorman Bros. & Co. out of town, is "getting there." It costs Frank nearly an X per day to live while on the road, but he gets away from a town with a good deal of fat and a firm like that.

"Nothing very new," said Mr. F. W. Davidson, Secretary of the Central Trade Association, this morning. "We have had an unusually large number of deaths among our fraternity during the past three months, among them being Andrew C. Wright, of the firm of W. & J. Sloan; Lewis E. Bishop, New York agent for the Lowell Carpet Company; and Arthur C. Phillips."

WORLDINGS.

Cyrus Field being now a clerk in a New England store, and once worked for A. T. Stewart for the munificent salary of \$50 a year. He left the dry-goods king's employ to sell newspapers.

A white deer, one of the rarest of animals, was killed recently in Clinton County, Pa., by a Presbyterian Minister of Sunbury. But three white deer have ever been killed before in that part of the State.

A flock of twenty-three wild turkeys sailed slowly over the village of Knoxville, Ga., the other day, and made the mouths of the town's shortens water, but no one was lucky enough to bag any of the birds. Four of the turkeys were snow-white.

Charles E. Thompson, who was acting as foreman of the unfinished bridge at Cleveland over which a car plunged to destruction the other day, says that he dreamed of the accident several nights in succession before its occurrence, but did not attach much importance to the dream.

Many negroes employed on Georgia farms have begun to leave the country for the town, and planters are said to be alarmed at the exodus, which in many instances amounts to a stampede. An Athens paper says that for many days past the roads leading to the town have been lined with vehicles bearing the household gods of the black men and the town has become overrun with them.

J. G. Pickett, of Pickett's Station, in Wisconsin, brought into Oshkosh the other day a large collection of stone and copper implements which have been ploughed up or dug up in his neighborhood from time to time. In the lot are many axes, knives, tamers and domestic implements. They are supposed to be remains of the ancient mound-builders.

The little village of Aberdeen, O., which lies just across the river from Mayville, Ky., has in the last quarter of a century become widely known as the Green of the West, and it is estimated that more runaway lovers are married there than in any other town in the world. In thirty years at least 10,000 eloping couples have been made happy and the justices of the peace have grown rich on the marriage fees.

Mr. Geo. T. Leach, of the firm of C. Barkwalter & Co., wholesale grocers of this city, has taken up his usual winter quarters at the Bellevue Hotel, High Point, N. C., where he says quite and bird hunting cannot be beat. Mr. Leach is said to have some of the best hunting dogs in the country, and while his modesty forbids bragging, he claims to be a pretty fair shot, and experience has told him High Point is the place to go.

There are two "Diamond Joes" in Chicago, one of whom gets his name from his habit of carrying diamonds around in his pockets as a boy would marbles. The other is Joe Reynolds, who owns nearly all the steamboats on the upper Mississippi. All of his boats, wharves, warehouses and stations are marked with a red diamond containing the word "Joe" in black. He is very wealthy and very charitable, though he has the reputation of being remarkably shrewd at driving a bargain.

Strangers and Pilgrims.
 M. M. Daboll, of New London, is at the Morton House.
 Staying at the Sturtevant is Dr. Geo. R. Bruns, U. S. N.
 Count Le Grand, of Paris, is again at the Hoffman House.
 Senator Frank Hisscock arrived at the Fifth Avenue this morning.

Prof. J. B. Sherman called on Major-Gen. Terry at the Grand Hotel yesterday.

George E. Carr, of the Baltimore Lithographic Company, is at the Hotel Dan.

J. N. Rosenthal and S. E. Rosenthal, merchants of New Orleans, are staying at the Union square.

Commodore F. M. Rodgers, U. S. N., and Commander R. D. Evans, U. S. N., are at the St. James.

Ballet Kithourne, of Washington, who became famous through his lit with Congress, is a guest of the Gaiety.

Prof. J. D. Lyman, of Phillips's Exeter Academy, and J. Willard Rice, of Boston, are at the Fifth Avenue.

J. Forrest, Tenth Regiment, Ireland, and Capt. Leimille, Boy's Scout Battalion, London, are booked at the Brunswick.

Silken Hutchins, editor of the Washington Post, and E. S. Francis, editor of the Pittsburg National Black, are guests of the Gaiety.

At the Victoria are C. L. Stowell, of Rochester; H. P. Martin, Jr., of Akron, O., and Henry S. Burton, of New York.

At the Albemarle are Irving R. Evans, Boston's giant speculator, and Jno. M. Robinson, President of the Old Dominion Steaming Line.

Frank Hisscock and Edwin E. Eaworth, the Treasurer and Mayor respectively of Providence, are recent arrivals at the Brunswick.

The Duke Voorhees, Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Johnson, recently of Philadelphia.

W. B. Vanierberg, who is at the Gaiety House for a few days, will sail for Egypt, where he is investigating the mysteries of the Pyramids on the line of exploration set down by Pasha Smith.

Edward Ellis, Treasurer of the Schenectady Locomotive Works; E. J. Schuman, proprietor of that large well-known Philadelphia, and the Rev. J. R. G. Brown, Principal of an Episcopal military school at Sing Sing, are among those entertained at the Gaiety House.

Capt. McElwain's story, of the Grand Central station, has furnished for to-morrow's EVENING WORLD the second story in the remarkable police captain's series. It is entitled "A Bold Burglary."

PASQUALE MORINO.

(Continued from First Page.)

he could lay hold of to make a row about. But this was his chance.

He uttered an ejaculation, rushed into the room, seized his rival by the collar, and dragging him to the top of the stairs helped him to descend then with a good kick. Giovanni went stumbling down, preserving himself from any severe injury by clutching at the baluster. Pasquale was a heavier, stronger man than Giovanni, and the latter only hurled a volley of Neapolitan epithets and curses at him, and threatening to get even, went muttering down to his room.

Two or three of the lodgers met him and heard him cursing Pasquale. They guessed how the ground lay, and laughed at him.

Every morning Pasquale used to get up at 4 o'clock, drink his cheap coffee and eat a big piece of bread, so that he could go out with his garbage-hook and bag to make the round of the ash-barrels before the garbage man came around to empty them at 7.

The garbage hook was a piece of iron that looked a good deal like a poker. The end of it was turned in at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that Pasquale could poke about in the dust heap or ash-barrel and fish out any "find" that he might strike.

Well, the next morning Pasquale got up, drank his coffee, and taking his professional implements, went out to ply his vocation.

At the corner of Rutgers street and East Broadway a policeman met him trudging along with his sulky look. The policeman was near the end of his beat, which was one street further north. He walked on to this street and then turned back after standing for a few moments. But at that time of the day, though it was summer-time and bright enough, there was nothing doing and he saw no passers-by.

So the policeman turned back, and when he had gone two and a half squares and had nearly reached Monroe street on Rutgers, he saw something that surprised him.

There on the sidewalk, flat on his back, with his hook by his side not far from his right hand, and his bag at his feet, lay Pasquale Morino, stone dead.

The policeman stirred him and shook him, but though the body was warm Pasquale was utterly done for. There was no heart beat, no pulse.

The case did not look very favorable for Giovanni. The lawyers on each side argued eloquently. One contended that there was no reasonable doubt but that Giovanni Scalza was a red-handed murderer, who had followed his victim, slain him through a revengeful passion on account of the hussling he had received, came back trembling with fear over his own wicked deed and told a plausible story which had been proven a lie.

The other argued that there was a little ill-will between the men, which was much greater on Pasquale's side than Giovanni's. The latter was known to be a quiet, well-behaved fellow who used to go to mass every Sunday and to confession regularly. The murdered man was not even proven to be murdered. He was found dead, with an unexplained wound. He might have been struck in the eye with a stone and have fallen and died of congestion of the brain from the shock. No intelligent jury could condemn a man for murder because somebody died while he was engaged in the cleanly, praiseworthy operation of taking a bath.

At this juncture of affairs, something new turned up. It was a small boy who had reported to a roundsman a conversation he had chanced to hear between two other boys. The roundsman asked what the boys had said.

"They was talkin' over 'bout an Italian boy they had been havin' fun with. The big feller sez to the other: 'Jimmie,' sez he, 'that Italian boy 'd dropped on yer if I hadn't a bluffed him wid der broomstick.'"

"Yer right," said the smaller boy. "He was off of his nut 'cause he got clipped on der leg wid der stone."

The smaller boy was brought to the station, and I questioned him before the detectives. I told him the Italian they had worried was dead, and that if he didn't tell me how it was done it would be worse for him. The little chap was thoroughly scared and told the whole thing. He and the other boy were the lads employed to carry the milk around to the families in the neighborhood. They were lounging around the store when Pasquale showed up and began to investigate the contents of an ash-barrel a short way off.

They gazed and worried the man till he got pretty mad. One of them shied a stone along the sidewalk and it hit Pasquale on the ankle. It hurt him and he ran over towards the boys, jabbering at them in Italian. The bigger one raised the broom he had been sweeping with and aimed a pretty strong blow at the ragpicker's head with the handle. Pasquale threw up his garbage-hook in front of him to ward it off. The iron was pointing towards him, and the blow was strong enough to drive the round iron of the part that was bent in, about two and a half inches long, straight into his right eye.

It pierced his brain, he uttered a groan and dropped to the sidewalk dead, his hook falling from his hand.

The boys, although they did not appreciate the injury they had inflicted, got frightened and ran away. They had not heard of his death and supposed he got over his pain and went away.

This was a reasonable relief for Giovanni. It made his both story seem all right. The boys were tried and a verdict of accidental homicide returned against them.

It was quite a mystifying case, because, although the circumstantial evidence against Scalza was pretty strong, the absence of the bullet and the fact that nobody had heard any shot made things puzzling. The grocer and dirt on the hook had prevented the blood from sticking to it, so although it was examined as a matter of course, no one had dreamt that Pasquale Morino had met his fate by his garbage-hook held in his own hand.

There were three witnesses who testified to meeting him on the stairs the night before muttering angry things to himself. To one he had asked him what was the matter he had only replied by a curse, coupled with Pasquale's name.

Mine Morino admitted that her husband had rather roughly sent Giovanni Scalza about his business the evening before.

But the strongest point against Giovanni was this: One of the Italians who slept on the fire-escape balcony had been awake when Pasquale left the house. He had not been gone two minutes when he also saw Giovanni Scalza slip out of the basement, with only a shirt and trousers on, and leave the court.

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He had not thought anything of it, and had turned over and gone to sleep again.

At 6 o'clock another inmate of the tenement-house in "Little Italy," on going out to the court, found that Beppo, Giovanni Scalza's monkey, had broken loose and was wandering around the place. He clutched the string and piled him into Giovanni's room. The bed was empty and the clothes in disorder. This last proved nothing, as they were always so. But while he was tying up the monkey Scalza came in, and, tumbling on the bed, pulled the clothes up over his head, and the man saw him trembling under them slightly for a moment or two.

Hence this was established: Pasquale Morino had cuffed and kicked Giovanni Scalza for acting in too lover-like a way with his pretty wife, Chiara. Scalza had been very angry and threatened to get even with Pasquale. He had slipped out of the house a few minutes after him on the next morning.

He returned an hour later trembling, and Pasquale was found dead in Rutgers street with a round hole in his head, the diameter of a 22-calibre pistol bullet.

Giovanni said he had been restless during the night, and went off in the morning to one of the East River docks to cool himself off with a bath. He was not accustomed to bathing. In fact, it was developed on the cross-examination that he had never done this before. But this was why he was so lightly clad, not because he had risen in a hurry to follow Pasquale.

"Who said you were in a hurry to follow Pasquale?" asked the counsel whom the Court had assigned to the case, with a sharp look at the jury.

He had been too long in the water, and when he came home was still trembling with the cold and shot into bed quickly to get warm.

Unfortunately, Giovanni could not prove an alibi. No one had seen him while he was taking his alleged bath. The dock which he picked out as the one where he had taken his swim was one where a policeman had been looking at that very time, on the way for a drink of beer.

The officer swore that no one had come near the dock and taken a swim that morning. Giovanni shrugged his shoulders and said it must have been some other; he wasn't sure about the dock.

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